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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

OCTOBER 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

HIS FIRST LION



BILLY lived in South Africa; but he had never seen a lion, though Africa, as we know, is the homeland of the "king of beasts." Yet even in Africa he is not so common as we are apt to suppose. The lion, moreover, shuns the haunts of men, and as the settlers advance from the coasts he retreats inland to the wide and lonesome central plains.

So Billy knew him only through pictures. But he had this advantage over most of us, that his father could tell him many a true and exciting lion tale.

Billy's father had come to South Africa when it was a wilder and more savageland than now, and in those days lions used often to prowl around the newly made settlements. There was a lion-skin rug in their living-room which Billy's mother prized very highly, because Daddy had shot that lion himself when quite a young man. Many a time Billy lay on this rug and dreamed of

all the brave things he would do when he first saw a lion. But he did not guess how soon that day would come!

Billy's home was on the edge of a forest, beyond which stretched miles and miles of pasture land—hot, sun-scorched, and dry. But even in the hottest weather these plains were full of interest for Billy.

His father had given him a small black pony, and they two would go long rides together to see the stock—that is, to count their cattle, and drive them to the nearest water to drink.

On such journeys Billy learned to use the lasso—a long rope with a noose or loop at one end. On the wide prairie, or "veld" as it is called in South Africa, the cattle become shy and wild, and are often difficult to catch. When the rope is thrown skilfully,

the loop slips over the animal's neck, the noose is then drawn tightly, and try as it may the prisoner cannot escape.

Buffalo, wild horses, and other large animals are caught in this fashion. Once Billy flung his lasso over a frisky bull calf, and held it fast whilst his father examined it. He was very proud of this feat.

But it was in shooting with a bow and arrow that Billy showed the greatest skill. Not a frail bow and arrow like those we see in toy-shop windows, but a right strong weapon such as hunters use. At first it took him all his time to pull the bow, but he practised every day, aiming at a target at the bottom of the garden, until his arms and wrists were quite exceptionally strong for a

boy of twelve years.

Well, one morning Billy's father and mother drove in their buggy to the nearest township to meet a friend. The township was a good way off, and they could not return before evening, so Billy was left to his own devices for a whole long day.

There were only two native servants about the



house, so Billy felt rather dull. He mooned around, wondering how best to amuse himself, and at length he wandered into his father's business room, on the walls of which were guns, pistols, and a big buffalo bow and arrow with a sharp point of finely tempered steel. Billy had more than once practised with this, but now he longed to be a real hunter, and shoot something livelier than a target.

All unnoticed he took the bow and arrow from the wall, and set off on foot in search of adventure. He went to the forest, of course, for that was where most of the furred and feathered folk were to be found. But the great heat soon made him footsore and tired. He sat down under a tree to rest, and, ere ever he knew it, he fell soundly asleep.

Something awoke him—the sound of a scream. It was really the cry of a frightened bird, and Billy laughed at himself for being frightened by a bird. But then he began to think more clearly. What had startled this bird? Sitting up, now broadly awake, Billy glanced around him, and saw—what he had thought he must be a grown man to see—a splendid lion, its tawny head held high, sniffing the air as though to say, "There is something close by, I feel sure of it, that is good to eat." If you have ever watched a pussy-cat's nose when cook brings in a basket of fish or a bunny rabbit, you will know just how that lion looked.

Billy stared and stared again, thinking he must still be dreaming; at first, indeed, he was too surprised even to feel afraid. But soon a full sense of his peril came upon him. There was no doubt about it, this was a lion right enough. What, oh what should he do?

But Billy's father had taught him to keep a cool, clear head in moments of danger. He had also trained him to observe closely and accurately all that was taking place. Gazing steadfastly at his foe, he noticed that the lion was not looking at him at all, but at something a good way beyond him. Then glancing cautiously behind the tree, he saw that a herd of wild goats had come into the wood to find water, and these the lion was tracking so earnestly that he overlooked the boy.

Slowly the great beast crept nearer to the goats as a cat creeps and crawls towards some hapless bird or mouse. Getting nearer to the goats meant getting nearer to Billy. The boy's heart seemed to stand still with horror, when all at once he recalled a story of his father's about a hunter who, having no gun, killed a lion by shooting him in the eye with an arrow.

Billy felt that this plan was his sole chance for life. Very slowly and quietly he fitted the arrow to his bow. Carefully he raised it to his shoulder, took sure and steady aim, and pulled with all his might.

Then, without waiting to see the result, he climbed swiftly as a monkey up the great tree beneath which he had been resting, not pausing till he reached the topmost branch.

Never before had he climbed so quickly or so high, but fear lent him courage, so to speak, and only when he found he could go no farther did he venture to look down. There, prone on the grass, lay the lion breathing its last breath. Even as he gazed, its huge limbs ceased to twitch. The lion was dead.

When Billy felt quite certain about this, he began to slide and clamber down again, and this was by no means so easy as going up had seemed; for now that the greater fear was past he was alive to lesser dangers.

However, he arrived safely, though not without tears and rents, on the grass once more, and ran to look at his prize. The buffalo arrow was still sticking in the lion's eye. Billy had pulled with such force that the point had entered the brain, so that the huge brute had died almost at once and painlessly.

Billy now started to run home with the great news. Rushing into the kitchen where Ratoomba, the black cook, was baking a pie, he cried breathlessly, "Ratty, Ratty, I have killed a lion!"

But the old negress thought she knew all about Billy and his tricks. "Get along now, Master Billy," she said, "and don't tell old Ratty fool stories!" And then she went on with baking her pie.

Next Billy ran to the stable where Raul was cleaning the harness. "Raul, Raul, I have killed a lion! Come and see it!" he cried.

But the black man only grinned, showing all his white teeth. "Oho! yes—twenty lions you mean, Master Billy," said he, and went on with his polishing.

By this time Billy was almost in tears. Would no one believe his tale? Oh! if father were only home!

"But it is true, Raul," he said, his cheek flushed and hot: "I shot him with the buffalo arrow, and he is quite dead."

At length the black servant believed the boy and went with him to the wood. There they found the dead lion, just as Billy had said, and at the sight of him Raul scratched his woolly pate and exclaimed, "Well, I'm jiggered!" a great number of times.

Billy stayed by the carcass while Raul fetched a horse and cart. Then they drove home, Billy seated on the dead lion's back and feeling as proud as a king.

He could eat no dinner, though Ratoomba's pie was very good. All Billy wanted was to tell the great news to his parents, and it seemed to him as if the evening would never come.

In the end he could wait no longer. Saddling his black pony he set off through the forest and across the prairie to meet them.



After a long time (or so it seemed to him) he saw figures appear on the horizon. At first they were like moving dots against the sky, but soon these grew into men on horseback. Nine of them Billy counted, each armed with gun, lasso, and pistol. Who could they be? Buffalo-hunters he supposed. But as they drew nearer he recognized them as farmers who lived many miles away, but who sometimes rode over to visit his father.

"Hallo, youngster!" cried one, waving his arms excitedly. "What are you doing here? Mount—quick! sharp!—and come back with us. There is a lion about. He was seen making towards your place, and we have ridden over to warn your father. Buck up, and we'll see you safe home!"

But Billy did not obey. Here was a chance at last of cutting a dash. Mounting his pony he rode away from the farmers, shouting as he went, "Who would be afraid of a dead lion? You will find him in our backyard—dead as a door nail! I killed him, and now I'm going on to meet my father." And away he galloped.

The nine farmers gazed after him in amazement. "Cheeky little beggar!" said the one who had spoken first; "thinks to fool us all, no doubt. Well, we have warned him; now he must take his chance!" And they rode on to Billy's home.

Not long after this the horse and buggy came in sight. Billy gave a "Coo-ee!" to which his father replied; and you can guess the news that Billy sent along as soon as he got within earshot: "Father! Mother! I have killed a lion!"

His father laughed. "What?—only one, Billy?" he asked. But his mother saw by her boy's bright, eager eyes that the tale was true. Soon Billy arrived alongside the car and poured out the story of the buffalo arrow and the lion, and how Raul had brought its dead body home in the cart.

When they got home they made straight for the yard, you may be sure. There they found Raul mounted guard over the lion, and Ratoomba holding up her hands and showing the whites of her eyes in her terror and joy; whilst the nine farmers stood around in wonder, and they all gave three cheers for the brave little lion-hunter Billy.

The lion's skin was made into another rug for his mother. Its head was preserved and hung up in his father's business room, next to the buffalo arrow, which had a new name, and was now the lion arrow.

And as if all this were not fame enough, the farmers of the district, to show their gratitude to Billy, collected money and bought him a gold watch, on which were inscribed these words: "Presented to Brave Billy, aged twelve years, for killing a lion."

Needlework.

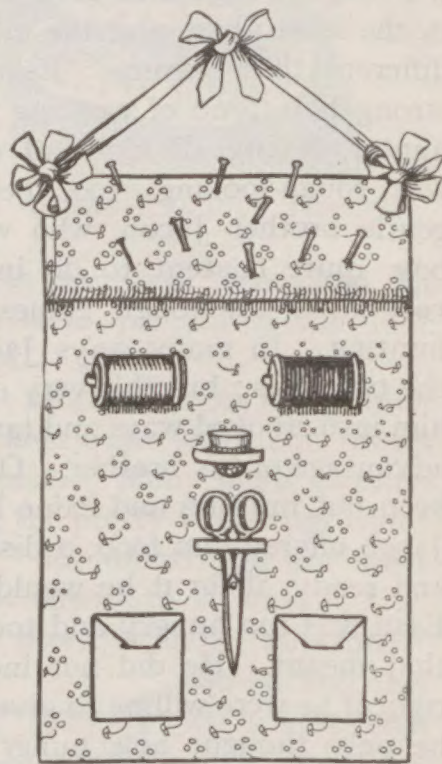
A Hanging Work Slab.

THIS is a most attractive gift, and, if covered with a pretty piece of flowered cretonne, makes a very nice ornament for a bedroom wall.

To make it, get a piece of millboard, ten inches long and six inches wide, and cover it neatly with any pretty piece of suitable material that you may find in mother's piece bag.

Next make a small pin-cushion, six inches long and two and a half or three inches wide, of the same material as that with which the board is covered. Stuff it tightly with bran, and fasten in lengthways across the top of the board by the four corners.

Now fasten on two reels of cotton, one black and one white, two inches apart, below the cushion, and make a narrow tight band to hold a pair of tiny scissors, and a loose one to hold a thimble. Two packets of needles, one containing mixed sizes and one of size eight or nine, should also be fixed on. It may be necessary to pierce holes with a stout darning needle through the millboard before proceeding to fasten on the cotton reels, etc. Put a ribbon or a cord to hang the work slab up by, and it is done.



What to be.

I'D rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Cuban Times.

Bible Story

The Two Brothers, Jacob and Esau.

IT had indeed been a shining road of happiness which Rebekah trod since she had left her far-distant home to become the wife of Isaac, and perhaps the greatest happiness of all had come when her twin baby boys were born.

Now, although the babies were twins they were not in the least alike, and the older they grew the more different they became. Esau, the elder, was a big strong boy, fond of working in the open air, a keen hunter, loving all kinds of out-of-door sports. He was rough-looking, too, beside his smooth-faced, gentle brother Jacob, who was a thoughtful, quiet boy, quite content to do indoor work, and caring very little for rough games or the excitement of hunting. In many ways Jacob was the cleverer of the two boys; but this very cleverness sometimes led him into crooked ways and taught him to take a mean advantage of his brother. One day, when Esau had been out hunting and came home hungry and faint, Jacob offered him food, a dish of red pottage cooked and ready, if for it he would give up his birthright. Esau was too hungry and too careless to think what that meant. He did not indeed deserve the birthright if he were willing to give it away so easily. But he only thought how hungry he was, and that he might die if he did not have food, and so Jacob's crooked plan was successful.

Now, although Jacob had managed to get the birthright, there was something else he wanted—something which his mother, too, thought of day and night. Whichever of the two sons received their father's blessing would be master of all, and would inherit all the good things and carry on the family name. It was of this blessing that Jacob and his mother thought continually, and at last the time came when it must be decided once for all.

Isaac had grown very old and knew he had not much longer to live, so he called Esau, his beloved elder son, and told him to go out hunting and prepare some venison for him, the special dish which he loved.

"Make me savoury meat, such as I love," he said, "that my soul may bless thee before I die."

Rebekah, listening at the tent door, knew what that meant. She watched Esau set out to do his father's bidding, and then she called quickly to Jacob. There was not a moment to be lost. He must go at once to the flock that was feeding close by and

bring her two kids. She would make of them the savoury meat, and Jacob would then take the dish to his father and pretend that he was Esau. The poor old father was almost blind now; he would not be able to tell the difference.

But Jacob hesitated. He did not think it was a safe plan. Suppose that his father should touch him and feel his smooth skin. Why, he would know at once that it was not Esau.

"Go and do as I tell thee," said his mother. And after cooking the food she took the hairy skins of the kids and put them on Jacob's hands and on his neck, and dressed him in some of his brother's clothes. Then she sent him in quickly to his father, with the smoking dish of savoury meat in his hands.

The blind old father could not see who it was, he could only stretch out groping hands to feel if this were really his son Esau. Somehow he had an uneasy feeling that the voice did not sound like Esau's voice.

"Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son," he said, "whether thou be my very son Esau or not."

Those groping hands felt carefully over Jacob's hairy neck and hands. Yes, it must be Esau; but he would make quite sure.

"Art thou my very son Esau?" he asked.

And Jacob answered, "I am."

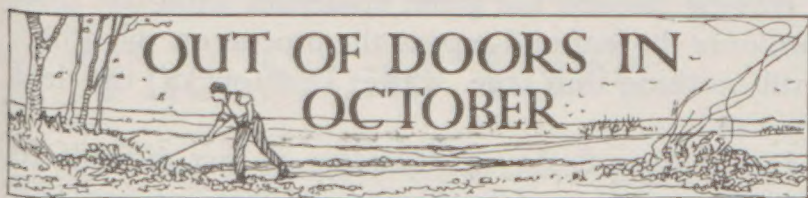
The food was eaten, and again Isaac called his son to come near to him; and as Jacob bent down to kiss him, the old man smelt the sweet earthy fragrance of Esau's borrowed clothes. That smell was a delight to him, and he blessed his son with a wonderful blessing.

Jacob was to be lord of all. The blessing was his now, and no one could take it away. He had only been just in time; the blessing was scarcely ended, and he had only just left the tent, when Esau came hurrying in. Then the trick was discovered.

"Thy brother hath come with subtilty and taken away thy blessing," said Isaac, trembling with grief. And when he heard that, there burst from Esau an exceeding bitter cry.

Surely that cry must have hurt his mother's heart; surely Jacob must have hated his own mean ways when he heard that terrible cry of grief!

Already his crooked ways were bringing their punishment. He dared not stay any longer in his home, but must flee away into a distant land to his mother's people, where he would be safe from Esau's anger. Afterwards he repented sorely, and God forgave him and allowed him to enjoy the blessing; but all his life he suffered for his deceit, and paid in sorrow for the evil he had done.



AS we go through the wood on this bracing autumn morning we cannot fail to notice that the birds of the woodland appear to have found their voices again after the heat of summer. The feathered inhabitants are much more lively and frolicsome now that there is a snap of frost in the air, and various kinds of tits are having a fine time in the tree-tops.



FIELDFARE.

Within the next few days, however, nearly all our singing birds will have departed for sunnier lands far over the sea, while other birds, such as the fieldfare and redwing, which have been away all spring and

summer, will visit us once more.

Many leaves are falling, and most of them have now changed colour. Where there is a dogwood bush we can soon see that the leaves have turned purple, and these, mingled with the yellows, browns, crimsons, and old golds, make a feast of colour which gives continuous delight to all those who take a walk in the country at this season of the year.

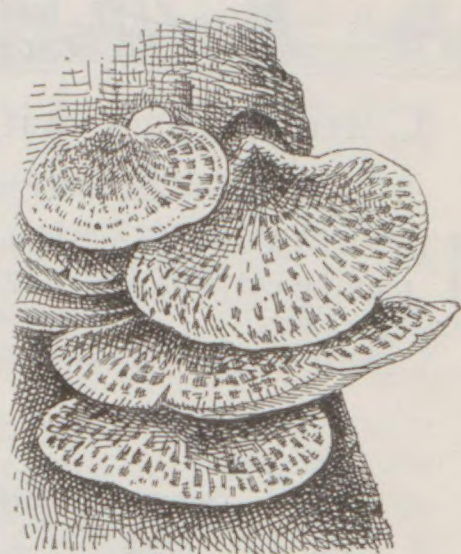
Some of the trees and bushes are, of course, evergreen, and on some of the taller trees down the lane there is a good deal of ivy growing, for now is the time when this plant

comes into blossom. It is interesting to note that, just at a time when most other plants are dying down, the ivy decides to come into flower.

If we stand still for a few moments close by a clump of ivy blossoms, we shall soon be made aware of the fact that other creatures besides ourselves have found it out. There are a number of honey-bees coming and going, and also a few wasps which have not yet died off. As you possibly know, all the inhabitants of a wasp's nest except one die at the

approach of autumn, and only the queen remains alive.

Just look at this tree, for it bears upon it a number of curious brown and white objects which look for all the world like small bicycle saddles! It is a collection of the dryad's saddle fungus. The Greeks of old believed that their woods were presided over by a deity or god, and that each tree had a pretty girl or nymph belonging to it who made her home in the trunk, and was known as a dryad.



DRYAD'S SADDLE FUNGUS.

Thus we call the fungus we have discovered the dryad's saddle, for here is a splendid saddle upon which it may sit and rest.

On looking round about we come across many other kinds of fungi, some of them quite small and others almost as big as a soup plate. Many kinds of fungi are good to eat, including the pretty fairy rings which appear in the meadows; but unless you are quite sure about them it is most unwise to eat any.

The nuts are quite ripe now, for they "slip-shell"

easily, and this is a sure sign that they are ready to crack. There are already a good number upon the ground, and the inhabitants of the wood—such as the squirrel, the wood mouse, the nut-hatch—have found



THE FAIRY RING.

this out, and are busily employed collecting a store of nuts. We too shall fill our pockets with nuts, for in a day or two it will be Hallowe'en, and we must have our nuts ready to burn.



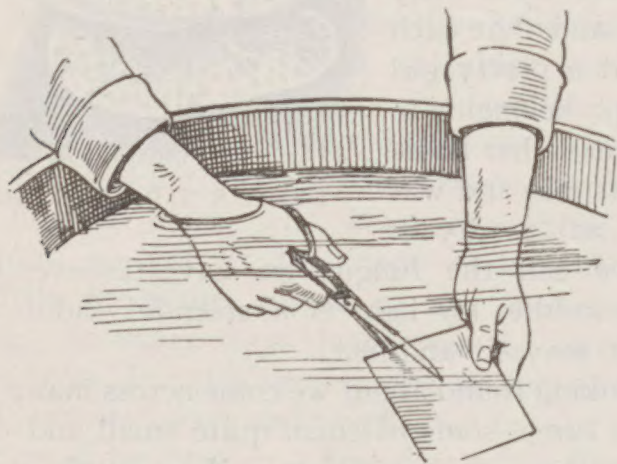
HOBBIES AND WRINKLES



Cutting Glass with a Pair of Scissors.

POSSIBLY you do not know that a sheet of glass may be cut regularly and evenly with a pair of strong scissors.

A glance at the diagram will give you an idea of



how this is done. All that is required is a large pail of cold water and a pair of strong scissors.

Plunge the glass, the scissors, and the hands right into the water so that no part of either scissors or glass is out of the water. You will now find that the scissors cut cleanly without the glass cracking or splintering.

Leaf Skeletons.

THE first thing required for the "skeletonizing" of leaves is some lime, which may be obtained from a colour-merchant or at an oil-shop. Put an ounce or two of lime into an empty jam jar and fill the jar half full of water. Now stand the jar and its contents in a saucepan of water and heat the saucepan until the water in it begins to boil. Shortly after the lime-water in the jam jar will boil also; give it a thorough stir with a stick of wood and then drop in one or two of the leaves, continuing to stir very gently.



THE MOP.

At the end of two or three minutes take out one of the leaves and lay it flat on the table. With a small mop, made by binding a thickness of rag on the end of a short cane or wooden knitting needle, gently proceed to rub the surface.

It will now be found that the green, fleshy part of the leaf comes clean away, leaving the delicate tracery of veins beneath.

Having cleaned the green epidermis from one side, turn over the leaf and repeat the process on the other, until nothing but the white skeleton of the leaf remains.

If the green fleshy substance is at first difficult to remove, put the leaf back into the jam jar and boil it a trifle longer. Take care, however, not to leave it there too long, as the lime will after a time attack and destroy the veins themselves. Wash the skeleton leaves thoroughly and leave them in the sun to dry.

The best leaves to skeletonize are holly, laurel, willow, walnut, beech, and ivy, which make the most beautiful skeletons imaginable.

Important Rules for the Young Photographer.

1. WHEN about to take a snapshot, hold the hand camera absolutely steady, or the picture will be blurred. (The best way to do this is to take a good, deep breath, and press the camera hard against your chest with your left hand, while pressing the lever across to click with your right hand.)

2. Always wind up the spool until the next number appears directly you have made an exposure, to avoid taking two pictures on the same plate.

3. Always hold the camera level; never tilt it up or down.

4. Never attempt to take a snapshot unless the sun is shining brilliantly enough to cast a shadow. "now!"

5. To take a snapshot, never stand facing the sun; see that it shines on to the object you are photographing and not into the lens of your camera.

6. Avoid having the sun directly behind you. A picture taken in this position is sure to look flat, as it has no shadows to relieve the lights.



The Stone Hand.

A LEGEND.

HUGE turbans were wound around the heads of the riders; long-flowing garments fell in graceful fold on each side of the high-stepping horses; curved swords with shiny hilts inlaid with jewels glistened beneath the robes. Hassein Baba, the great leader of the Moors, was taking his young son to see the *casa*, or castle, that he was building in the newly conquered kingdom of Granada.

Roderigo, a boy of the Spanish village, stopped in the mountain path on hearing the sounds of the approaching cavalcade. He stared open-mouthed at the glitter and gorgeousness of the display.

The splendour of the approaching Moors bewildered Roderigo. When he should have passed to the side of the roadway, he remained instead transfixed in the very path of the horses. The spirited little mount of Hassein Baba's son took fright. It reared and bolted dangerously close to the mountain's edge. When he finally gained control of his mount, the face of the Moor's son was flushed with anger. "Get out of my way, dog!" he shouted in wrath. Then, taking the little whip that dangled at his wrist, the young Moor flung it with great violence at the fleeing Roderigo. Hassein Baba glanced at his son in astonishment.

"Good father," explained the youth, "that boy frightened Orelia, my horse. Was that not sufficient cause for anger?"

The father turned and with a sweep of his arm indicated the valley below. "All this, my son, will some day be thine, but it will not long remain thine unless thy treatment of the poor is just!"

The young Moor did not reply, for the cavalcade was now in sight of the castle. Costly materials had gone to make this castle the pride of Granada. Many artists had decorated those columns and carved the marble of the courtyard fountains. With great pride Hassein Baba pointed out the beauties of the castle to his son, and then he went to consult with his master builder.

The partly finished building fascinated the boy, and he wandered alone over the huge blocks of marble, for his horse had been led away by an attendant. The deep hole that would some day bring water to the fountain was most alluring, and he leaned over the planking that surrounded the well and with a pebble tried to sound the depths. As he dropped the little stone there came a splitting noise behind him. The board on which he was resting began to tilt upwards. Down, down, the son of Hassein Baba felt himself

tumbling; yet so great was his terror that he made no effort to grasp the firm boards at the side.

A ragged streak rushed to the brink of the well. The trembling Moor felt a rough, brown hand clutch his robe. Up it drew him.

Then the Moor regained his senses and, catching hold of a board, aided his rescuer. Just as the splintered board caved in with a thunderous crash, the young Moor's sandal touched the solid ground.

The owner of the rough brown hand now lost his balance, and together the two boys fell in a heap in the courtyard. Then they were aroused by a cry.

Hassein Baba, with robes flying wildly and scimitar upraised, rushed at his son's rescuer, who was now endeavouring to arise. "So thou soughtest revenge, dog!" he shouted. "Because my son, when in anger, sought to strike thee, thy foul heart urged thee to cast him into the well!"

The furious father would have slain the terrified boy had not his son rushed in front of the raised weapon. "No, father," he explained. "The boy hath not evil in his heart. He hath saved thy son from a terrible death. He endangered his life to pull me from that well when I leaned too far over its hungry mouth."

Hassein Baba, rich in years and wisdom, smiled as he saw the shame that the face of his boy reflected. "I am pleased that this has so happened!" Then the old Moor addressed himself to the awed Roderigo. "Thou hast done more for me than all my riches could do. Henceforth thou shalt be the honoured companion of my son. Thy hand shall be carved in the marble of the well, that all may see the hand that returned good for evil."

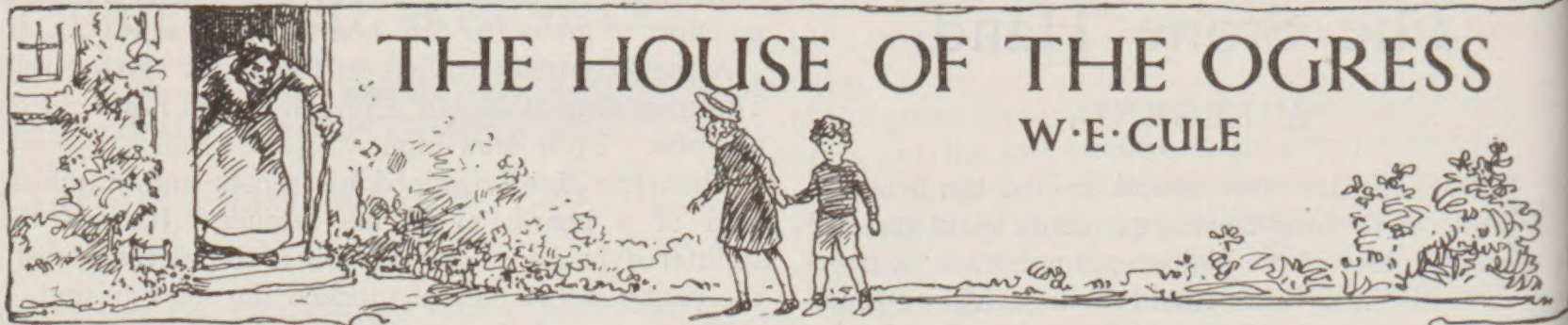
The years have made ruins of Hassein Baba's castle, but there, in the stone that is part of the crumbled fountain, is still the imprint of a hand. This stone hand is that of the Spanish boy Roderigo—the hand that rescued one who had insulted and scorned its humble owner.

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Golden Text for October.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

—I THESSALONIANS V. 15.



CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

AVRIL did not meet any one on the Shady Road, for there were few houses up that way; and when she reached the garden of the friendly gardener she found that he was not there to-day. His big garden was silent and empty, and his little wooden tool-shed was shut up.

She opened the little gate and went in, closing it carefully behind her. Then she stole along under the thick green hedge till she had reached the spot that he had found for her yesterday. There she could see that top window quite easily, and most of the back part of the old house, while she was still so near the road that she could not fail to hear Jack Brown's footsteps if he came.

So there she stood, watching and waiting and listening with all her might, trying all the time to prevent her heart from bumping so violently. It was a very troublesome heart to-day.

She stood there for about twenty minutes, for she heard the chime of the Mayfield church ring out half-past two. Jack Brown had not come, and there was not a whisper of his foot-fall along the dry, hard country road; but she waited past the time, just to give him a chance in case he was only a little late.

During that time there was no sign of life about the Culver House. No pale little face came to the top window, and there was no man in leggings about the garden or the poultry-field behind it. Was he inside—in the kitchen? She could see right into the kitchen window, and there was no movement there. Perhaps he had gone in to have an afternoon nap. Yes, that was very possible. It seemed to her that the kitchen door was just a little bit ajar—about an inch or so. Perhaps he had been so sleepy that he had forgotten to close it.

After the twenty minutes she made up her mind. The thing must be done now, in spite

of that cowardly heart that bumped "Wait—wait—wait. Jack will be here directly." "No," she said to herself; "that's only an excuse. You don't want to go . . . but you must. Just think—it might be your own dear brother. Now, how am I to get in?"

And almost at once she found a way. Once there had been a large gap in the bottom of the hedge, and no doubt some of the Culver House fowls had come through; so the gardener had carefully filled up the gap to stop them. Having nothing better to use, he had filled it with straw and twigs, and had done it very neatly; but Avril saw in a moment that it would not take long to open the gap again and get through. And if she ever came out of the Culver House alive, she could escape by the same means.

It took her just five minutes, and at the end of that time the way was clear. Breathless and hot and a little scratched, she rose to her feet on the other side of the thick green hedge, with the kitchen door not fifty yards away. One instant she listened in vain for Jack Brown, and then, with her lips pressed tightly together, ran lightly and swiftly across the space between.

Yes, the door was ajar. There was no time to consider whether it was a trap laid by a cunning Ogre for inquisitive little girls. If there had been time Avril might have been more afraid, but as it was she pushed the door softly until she could peer right into the kitchen. Then she went in herself with silent, cautious movements, but with a great relief in that thumping heart. For there was no one there!

It was a large, bare room, and very desolate. There was not even a clock to cheer one with its ticking, nor a cat to give life to the place. But Avril did not pause to wonder why, for her errand had nothing to do with kitchens. Beyond was a door leading into a wide passage, and beyond that again the hall and the front door. She

THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS.

SYNOPSIS.

[AVRIL HAYES went by train with her father to spend a holiday with her Uncle Horace and Aunt Hilda at Mayfield. In the same carriage was a sad-faced little boy and a cruel-looking lady. The boy, Harold, whispered to Avril that his companion was an ogress, and that she was going to kill him. A few days after her arrival at Homelands, her uncle's house, Avril, when taking a walk near Culver House, a lonely, cheerless place, saw Harold's sad face at one of the windows. She inquired of the man who lived there, and he said no boy was living at Culver House. Hearing that the place belonged to the Duke of Berkshire, Avril went to see the Duke, and told him about Harold. He was very kind to her, but said the people at Culver House had been there a year, that they kept a poultry farm, and were good tenants. He assured her there was no ogress there. Avril returned to Homelands anxious and disappointed. She told Aunt Hilda of her visit to the Duke, but her aunt thought Avril was full of fancies. Nothing daunted, Avril wrote a letter to Jack Brown, a soldier friend, and asked him to help her to set Harold free. Next day Avril, having left a note for her aunt, sets out to rescue Harold.]

could see beyond, because that other door had glass panels ; but the hall was empty and desolate too, and she was not afraid to go forward. Stepping as lightly as a fairy, she sped on to the foot of the stairs. She resolved to go straight upstairs.

The strong old stairs did not creak under her light tread, and she reached the end of the first flight in a moment. But then she stopped, clutching the rail and listening with all her might. Now, at last, she could hear something. The house was not empty.

Something! What was that something? It was a strange, heavy, dull noise, with a kind of *grind* in it. It came, and ceased, and came again. She believed that it came from the top of the house, echoing downwards in a threatening, forbidding way, as though to say, "Not a step farther!" What was it?

She crept up the next four steps to the first long landing, where there were three closed doors around her.

And there she saw another flight of stairs, leading to the top floor of the house.

The noise continued still—a very terrifying noise for a silent old house. It seemed to her that it came from a machine of some kind—perhaps a machine in which the Ogres and Ogresses ground up the bones of the poor victims they had taken.

But that terrible thought was followed by a happy one. If they were busy grinding, they probably would not notice a little girl's footsteps. So up she went, bravely still, to the top floor . . . and then she was in the very middle of things.

There were three doors at each end of a long landing, and that strange noise came from behind

one of the closed doors on her left. It was not dark, because there was a skylight in the roof, but for a moment she did not know which way to go. That noise was confusing—it was so near, so loud, so mysterious. In a moment, however, she saw that she must keep away from that noise—she must go to the other doors. . . . So she went to the three on her right.

It was a very anxious minute, for she could not guess which door led to the prison. There was a door straight before her, and then one on each side of it. If she touched the wrong one, no one could say what might happen. . . . Then she saw that one of them had a key in the lock, and

that was the left-hand door of the three.

Then, indeed, her heart thumped faster than ever. The Ogre-ess's little prisoner was locked in, and the key was outside! Of course!

It was just then that danger came—just as she felt sure that she had discovered Boy Harold's prison. Far away, down in the lower part of the house, a door slammed with a great noise.



Then, between the solemn grind and thud of the mysterious machine, she heard footsteps in the corridor leading from the kitchen to the hall. Some one was coming through the house—most likely coming upstairs!

There was no time to do much thinking; there was no time to get into the locked room which she believed to be the Ogre's prison-room. If she tried, the key might make a noise, and the man would hear it. Besides, he might go straight to that very room first, to see the prisoner. No, she could not go there. Instead she softly turned the handle of the door nearest to where she was standing, and next to the door with the key in it. This door opened at once, and she slipped inside. Then she closed it very quietly, and hid right behind it.

She was only just in time, for directly afterwards she heard the man reach the top of the stairs. There he seemed to pause for a moment as though considering which way to go. At last he turned to the left, towards the room from which the great noise came.

She heard a door open, and the noise sounded louder than ever. Then it died away again as the man went into the room and fastened the door behind him. It was only then that Avril, taking a deep breath at last, found courage to look at the room in which she was hiding. It was perfectly empty, without even a chair or a table. There was a lace curtain on the window, but that was all. What strange people they were that lived in this awful house!

Then she forgot the room and the curtain, for something was happening. That great thumping, grinding noise had suddenly stopped, and the house was terribly still. She could hear her heart go *thump, thump, thump* quite distinctly. But then she ceased to notice her heart, for a door had opened again and she heard voices. Then some people—two men, she felt sure—walked quickly past the door behind which she was hiding, and opened another door near it. She heard the rasping of the key, and knew that they had gone into the locked prison room.

But they only just looked in, for a minute later they came out again and locked the door. And then, instead of going away, they stood on the landing just against the door behind which Avril was hiding. Indeed, they were so near to her that it was a wonder they did not hear the

noise her heart made in its fear and excitement. But they began to talk, and never thought of listening.

"You're growing very nervous," said a low, clear voice which Avril had not heard before. "As you see, the boy is all right. I don't like false alarms."

The other voice was harsher and rougher. It was that of the dark man to whom Avril had spoken at the gate yesterday—the rough man in leggings.

"No," he said surlily; "I don't like them either. But you might be a bit more careful. Why on earth did you leave the back door open?"

"Well, it certainly was a bit careless of me. I must have slammed it behind me as I came in, and I suppose it didn't catch. But there's no one about to-day, you know. It's your nerves, John. You've been a bit anxious ever since that child called yesterday."

"Perhaps so. But it isn't the child I'm really afraid of; it's that fellow who works in the next garden."

"Oh, he's simple and innocent enough. Besides, I never get to work when he's about. And anyway he isn't there to-day."

"He's there a good deal too often to please me," growled the harsher voice; and it added something else which Avril did not understand, though she felt that its meaning was bad. Then the other man laughed, and to her great joy both of them moved away from her hiding-place. They crossed the landing to the room from which the great noise had come, and went in.

She waited, listening, for a long, long minute—one of the longest minutes she had ever known. Then came a loud *thud, thud, thud* from the other side of the landing, and she knew that the mysterious work was going on once more. For a time the danger had passed.

A little longer she waited, to make sure. Then, very, very softly, she turned once more the knob of the door which had sheltered her so well, and once more stood out on the landing; and there was the little boy's prison right opposite, with the key still in the lock.

Even a timid little girl must be brave and quick sometimes. Avril seized the key and turned it with a hoarse, loud snap. Then she turned the knob, and the door opened before her. She slipped into the room and closed the door behind

her ; and there, right in front of her, across the floor, was that prison window. And——

"Oh!" said a voice, full of fear and wonder.

It was the prisoner—it was Boy Harold, sitting up on his bed, startled, amazed, frightened. Avril panted, and laid her hand again over that troublesome heart of hers. Yes, it was Boy Harold!

What happened afterwards? I cannot tell, for there were only two people to see it, and neither of them can remember. When they did begin to remember things, Avril was sitting on the bed with her arms around the prisoner, trying to make him speak quietly, for he was crying and laughing and talking all at the same time.

"I thought it was an angel," he said.

"Oh, hush, hush! they will hear you."

"But if you aren't an angel, perhaps you're only a dream. Am I dreaming about seeing you in the train? You can't be real, you know. No real girl could have come in here."

"Don't be afraid any more. I've specially come to save you. You shall come right out of this awful house. Why, you haven't any shoes on. Oh! there they are. Let me put them on for you. No; this is the foot for this one . . . you couldn't run like that, you know. And you'll have to run when we get outside."

"Outside?" He stopped his sobbing to stare at her with wide eyes.

"It's all right," she said bravely. "*She* is away, and I expect the men are in that other room—the one with the noise in it. . . . What is that strange noise?"

For a moment he did not understand, but he tried to think. "The noise?" he said. "Oh, it is a big machine thing. I went into that room to see what it was, and that was why they were so cross with me. It was then that she gave me the beating and locked me up here."

He told her a little more, but it was such strange news that she could not quite believe it. Perhaps, indeed, he had made a mistake. But he was calmer now, and could listen, so she stopped him. The most important thing must come first; his story could come later.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to take you out. Can you come quickly and *very* quietly down the stairs? I'm sure you can."

She did not ask whether she ought to take him away or not, for his misery told her that

she must. And her bravery made him brave, brought hope to shine from his blue eyes through their tears, so that he stood up and tried to smile. But he did not loose her hand.

Seeing that he understood, she went to the door and softly opened it.

That dull, booming noise came in at once, but now she was glad of it. A moment more, and the two were out in the long passage, moving to the top of the stairs. Hurriedly, but carefully always, in spite of their overwhelming terror, they went down, the noise following them to the first floor and on down to the hall. But there was no other sound in the old house, and they passed safely out through the kitchen to the yard. And oh, the joy of the sunshine and the fresh air again!

"We'll go through the gap," whispered Avril. "It's the best way, because they would see us if we went to the front gate. I'll crawl through, and you'll follow me."

There was very little difficulty, except such as came from hurry and fear. They were through almost at once, and then the thick, green hedge was between them and the Culver House.

But there was no safety yet, and Avril led him out to the road. She felt sure that they would be followed very soon, but she remembered the field in which she had sat to think yesterday. Perhaps they could hide there, and then go home some other way.

It might have been a good plan if no one had seen them go, but before they reached that field they had to go along an open bit of road, and this could be seen from the top windows of the Culver House. By that time the booming noise had stopped, and one of the men who had been working the machine had gone to the window to rest and to look out. This was John Marley, the man in leggings.

When he looked, his glance fell upon that piece of open road, and he gave a sudden cry. In an instant he rushed out along the landing and over to the empty prison. Another instant and he was back, with a fierce cry to the man whom they called Charles.

Charles was busy putting in order a number of small slips of paper, but he dropped them all when he heard that cry:

"The boy has got out!"

(To be continued.)



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



"JOHN," called the teacher, "you may tell me what you know of the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained John promptly; "I went to the cricket match."

✦ ✦ ✦

A TEACHER of music in a public school was trying to impress upon her pupils the meaning of *f* and *ff* in a song that they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said, "Now, children, what do you say; if *f* means *forte*, what does *ff* mean?"

"Eighty!" shouted one enthusiastic pupil.

✦ ✦ ✦

HUGH, aged nine, was going through an orchard, looking for the easiest tree to climb, when he came face to face with the angry owner, who had with him an ugly-looking dog.

"Where are you going?" demanded the man.

"Back," said Hugh, after one look at the dog.

✦ ✦ ✦

A CLASS of small children were trying to draw from memory a picture of a river with two people sitting on the bank, one of whom was fishing. The teacher was going round her class when she came to a small boy who had finished his drawing. She looked at his paper and was surprised to find only a river.

"Jack," she said, "where are the two people?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "I'm not very good at drawing people, so I've put up a notice 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'" (Sent in by JIM GREEN.)

✦ ✦ ✦

"You always said your old gun would not shoot straight," said one country man to another, "but now that you have got a new gun, you do not seem to hit anything more easily."

"Ah!" replied the other, "the rabbits don't run straight now!" (Sent in by BESSIE POPE.)

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Mary had been sent to the chemist's shop to buy a fly-paper. She was a long time in returning, and her mother began to feel anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street and called to her:

"Mary, have you got the fly-paper?"

"No, mother," replied Mary, "it's got me, but we are coming along together."

Gems from the Poets.

A Fine Day.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky;
Then clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

M. DRAYTON.

ALL earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above:
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof,
That few there be are wean'd from earthly love.
Joy's ladder it is, reaching from home to home.
The best of all the work that all was good,
Whereof 'twas writ the angels aye upclomb,
Downsped, and at the top the Lord God stood.
ROBERT BRIDGES.

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!
A. H. CLOUGH.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,—
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
SHAKESPEARE.

Things to Recognize by the Sea.



1. Types of Sailing Boats.

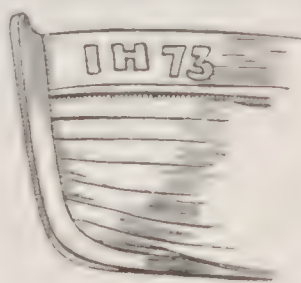
- A. Cutter yacht; is mostly used for pleasure, although some of the East Coast fishing smacks are built on very similar lines.
 B. Topsail barges; are often to be seen around the coast carrying coal from one port to another.
 C. Brigantine.
 D. Full-rigged ship.
 E. Brig.

2. Some Steamer Funnels.

- A. Bibby Line; yellow funnel with a black top.
 B. British India; black funnel with two white bands.
 C. Cunard Line; red funnel with black band and two black lines underneath.
 D. Union Castle Line; red funnel with black top.
 E. White Star Line; buff funnel with black top.

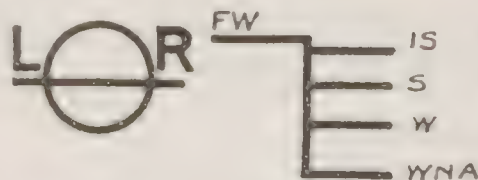
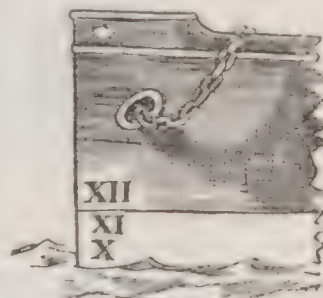
3. Register Number.

The owners of all fishing smacks must register their craft at some port near to their homes, and the sails, as well as the boats themselves, must bear the initials formed by the first and last letters of the name of the port of registration, followed by the registered number. The boat shown in the diagram, for example, bears the initials I H, indicating that the port of registration is Ipswich, whilst the number 73 shows her number in the port books.



4. Loading and Plimsoll Marks.

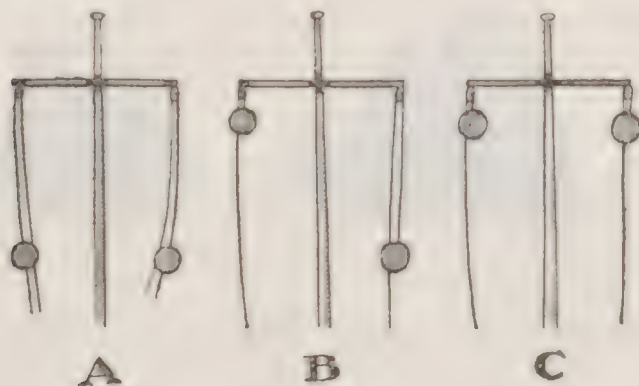
The amount of water a boat draws is always shown by the Roman numerals painted at her bow and stern. These figures are marked upwards from the keel, thus showing at a glance the vessel's depth in the water. The Plimsoll mark shows the loading limit, and when the cargo has sunk a boat to the level of the Plimsoll mark, not another stick is allowed to be placed upon her before she puts out to sea. The essential part of the mark is the circle with a horizontal bar, which must be kept above water—sometimes marked "L R," for Lloyd's Register. The line above this circle marks the level of the main deck. Alongside of this may be seen other bars, known as the "gridiron." Of these the highest is marked "F W," which is the load line for ships loaded in fresh water. The other lines refer to the seasons and the seas in which the voyage may be made—"I S" for Indian Seas, Summer; "S," summer elsewhere; "W," winter; and "W N A" for winter in the North Atlantic. Our readers are recommended to try to find out why this is called the "Plimsoll" mark.



5. Harbour Signals.

At the entrance to a harbour there is usually a mast with a crossyard, similar to that shown in the diagram over the page. Canvas balls are hung from this yard, and show by their various positions how much water

there is in the harbour. When the balls are hung as at A, it indicates that there is no water; when as at B, that there is fifteen feet clear; while the position shown at C gives notice that there is the full depth of water in the harbour, and any boat may enter in safety.



A Few Conundrums.

(Sent in by some of our Readers.)

WHY is the letter W like scandal?

Ans. Because it makes ill will. (ETHEL POPE.)

ON which side of a jug should the spout be?

Ans. The outside, of course. (JOE CLAY.)

WHY should a doctor keep his temper?

Ans. Because he will lose his patients (patience) if he doesn't. (JOE CLAY.)

WHICH is the left side of a plum-pudding?

Ans. The side which has not been eaten. (CLIVE DUNN.)

WHAT shows the clock is shy?

Ans. It always has its hands before its face. (GEORGE CROSS.)

WHEN is it hard to get your watch from your pocket?

Ans. When it's ticking (sticking) there. (WILLIAM EDWARDS.)

WHY is the letter S like dinner?

Ans. Because it comes before T. (MARIE HAMMOND.)

Motto for October.

*Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones;
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.*

Sent in by GEORGE CROSS,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

SPECIAL ESSAY COMPETITION.

Prizes for Schools and Pupils.

As intimated in our last issue, the Publishers are anxious to learn what our young readers think of the "Children's Paper." For this purpose they now offer prizes for the best Essays on "What I like in the 'Children's Paper,' and why I like it; What I don't like in the 'Children's Paper,' and why I don't like it."

PRIZES FOR SCHOOLS.

For schools entering a team of not less than ten pupils for this Competition, prizes will be awarded based on the average value of the essays received. These prizes will consist of parcels of books for the School Library, and the Publishers are prepared to offer

**Five Prizes of 25 Volumes each, and
Ten Prizes of 10 Volumes each.**

PRIZES FOR PUPILS.

For the writers of the best Essays received from such schools, additional book prizes are offered to the number of twenty or more if the number and quality of the Essays should warrant such increase.

Conditions of Special Competition.

1. Competitors may be of any age under sixteen.
2. Each Essay must have attached the Special Competition Form below, duly filled up.
3. The Essays from each school must be enclosed in one envelope addressed to "'Children's Paper,' Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside, Edinburgh," and marked "Special Competition."
4. The Essays must be accompanied by a list of the competitors signed by the head teacher, and a statement that the Essays are the unaided work of the pupils whose names they bear.
5. Essays must be received by October 31.

"CHILDREN'S PAPER" SPECIAL COMPETITION FORM

Name of School.....

Name of Pupil.....

Age last birthday.....

(To be cut out and attached to Competition Essay.)

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current

number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 112. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **October 16** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

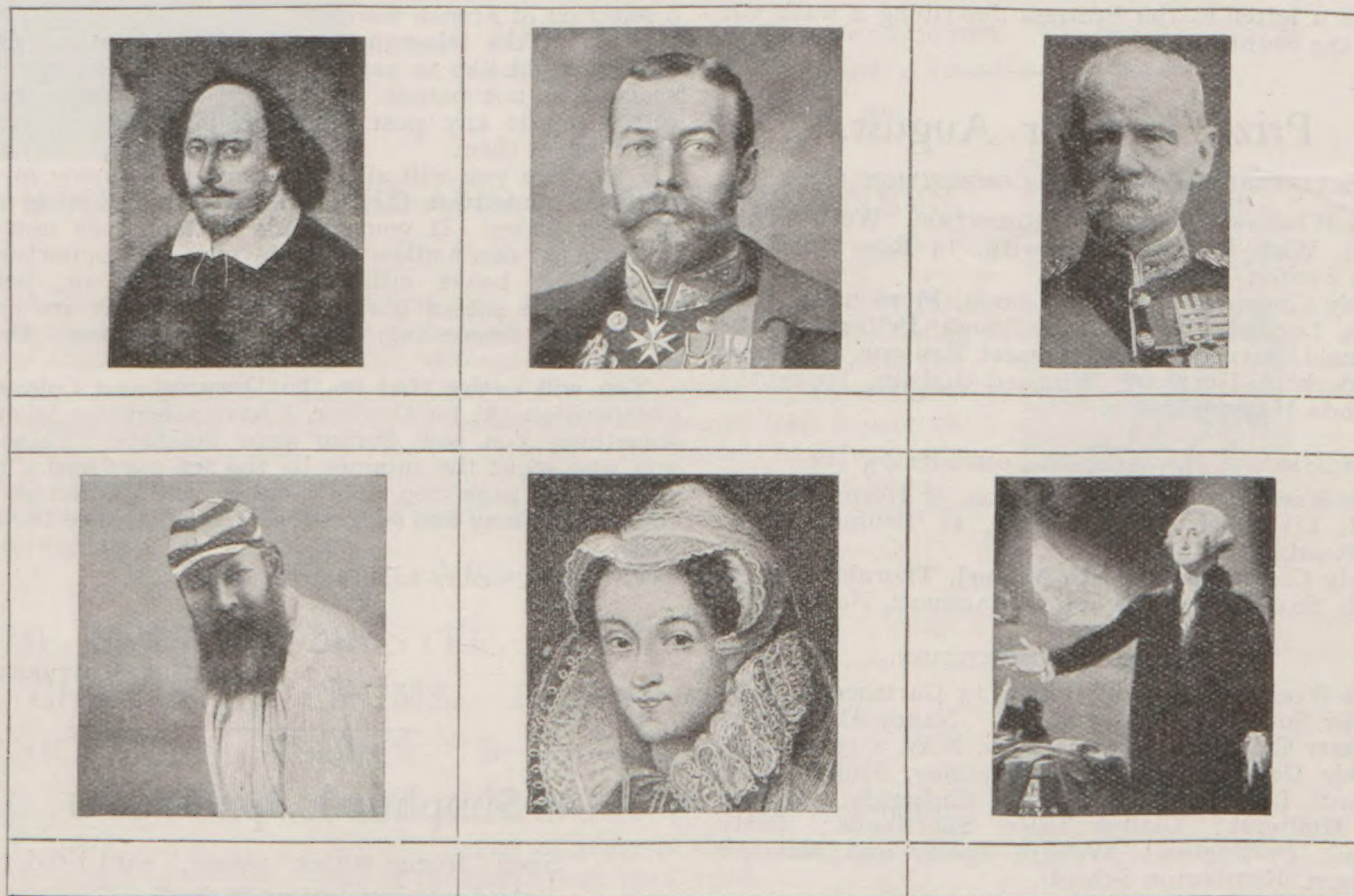
Powell; King Edward VII.; Queen Elizabeth; Sir Walter Raleigh.

"ISLANDS" COMPETITION.

1. What islands do we take with us for a picnic?
2. What island was recently discovered?
3. What island is always wrathful?
4. What island is a fir tree?
5. What islands have no sense?
6. What islands are singing-birds?
7. What island is in the heavens?
8. What island is a girl's name?
9. What island is a bright coin?
10. What island is the name of a famous explorer?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of anything which interested you in your holidays, and colour it with water colours or chalks.



Competitions for October.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

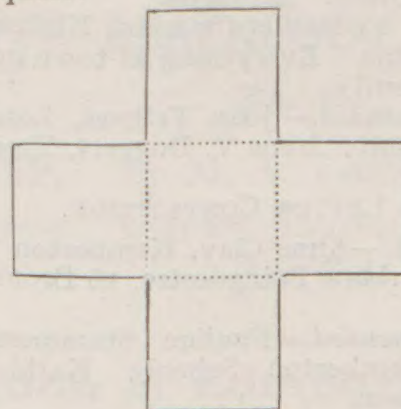
PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the people represented here. Write the name in the space at the foot of each portrait. Cut the pictures out in one piece, and forward it to the Editress each month, as long as the competition lasts.

The portraits given in the August number were those of: General Gordon; Flora Macdonald; General Baden-

THE CROSS AND SQUARE.

Divide a cross composed of five small squares in such a way that the resultant pieces can be placed together to form one square.



For Children under Twelve only.

PROVERB COMPETITION.

Here are twenty words of four letters each. Add a letter before each word, making a new word of five letters. The initials of the new words form a well-known proverb:—

1. Alms. 2. Over. 3. Isle. 4. Rook. 5. Heir. 6. Rate. 7. Lock. 8. Late. 9. Arch. 10. Ware. 11. Nave. 12. Very. 13. Loop. 14. Rank. 15. Bony. 16. Ally. 17. Lung. 18. Mend. 19. Rank. 20. Aunt.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of what you would like to get for a present on your next birthday, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to the Editress describing a walk you had in the country.

Prize List for August.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Jeanie S. Robertson, West Banks Avenue, Wick. Winnie Gricewith, 14 Rose Cottages, Church Fenton, Leeds.

Highly Commended.—Irene Lemon, Plymouth; Joan Fellows, London; Robert M'Cullough, Belfast; Annie Macdonald, Invergowrie; Margaret Rankine, Glasgow; Clare Beckett, Hornley; Winifred Godwin, Tockwith; E. Brenda Higgs, Bickley.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—James E. Watson, 57 Hornsey Road, Anfield, Liverpool. Molly Marks, 11 Belmont Lansdown Road, Bath.

Highly Commended.—Ruth Manuel, Thornhill; Cissie Holwell, Stoke Rivers; Pauline Stammers, Norwich.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Donald Gould, 15 Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton (35 words). Nancy Allinson, 31 Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W. 1 (30 words).

Highly Commended.—Peggy Dunkley, Hull; Irene Scouloudi, London; Mabel Robb, Kirkcaldy; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; Gladys Tiller, Shortlands; Betty Marshall, Darlington; William Pooler and Marjorie Stevenson, Kemberton School.

TELEGRAM COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembridge Gardens, London, W. 2.

[Clerkson, Rookery, Evesham.—Arriving to-day, usual route. Edwards.

Mabel M. Robb, 24 Barnet Crescent, Kirkcaldy.

[Cancel rooms. Everything at town upset. Reply. Emerson.]

Highly Commended.—Joan Fellows, London; Kathleen Earp, London; Irene V. Doggett, Shortlands.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Barbara Poingdestre, 16 Bromley Gardens, Bromley, Kent.

Highly Commended.—Pauline Stammers, Norwich; Jim Green, Kemberton School; Kathleen Gordon, Smith, Beckenham.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

I have just finished reading through the August competitions, and I find the work sent in really very well done. Quite a number of our readers have attempted the competitions for the first time, and although they have not all won a prize this month, they must not be discouraged, but I hope they will continue to try, and tell their friends how entertaining they find the *Children's Paper* competitions.

In the word-making competition only English dictionary words were allowed for; contractions and slang were not counted. I looked in vain in the dictionary for some of the words sent in, but I am afraid they must belong to some language unknown to me, for I could not find them anywhere. One contributor sent a selection of French words!

Some of the telegrams were quite clever and neat, and I should like to have printed more of them; but space does not permit. There are some which would sorely puzzle any post office official trying to make sense out of them.

I am sure you will all be anxious to compete in our Special Competition this month, with its tempting offer of book prizes. If your friends at school do not yet know of it, don't allow them to miss this opportunity of winning books either for themselves, or, better still, for the school library. The conditions are easy, the subject interesting, and the prizes inviting. Don't miss it!

You will notice that in the Drawing and Colouring Competition (A) for October, I have asked you to draw something you saw during your holidays. Those of you who spent the summer by the sea may find a hint or two on page 109, while those who preferred the countryside may find suggestions in our "Out of Doors" page.

With best wishes to all our readers,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITRESS.

Simplified Spelling.

"Spell 'frozen water,' please," said Fred,

"And use just letters three."

"I can't," said Winnie, "that's a joke,

How could it ever be?"

"Oh, yes, you can," said laughing Fred,

"It's simply I-C-E!"

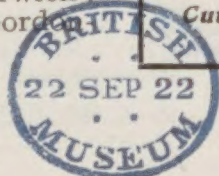
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Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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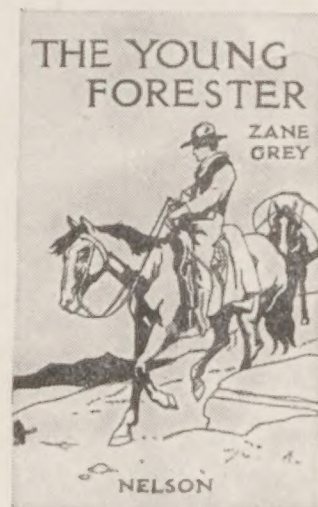
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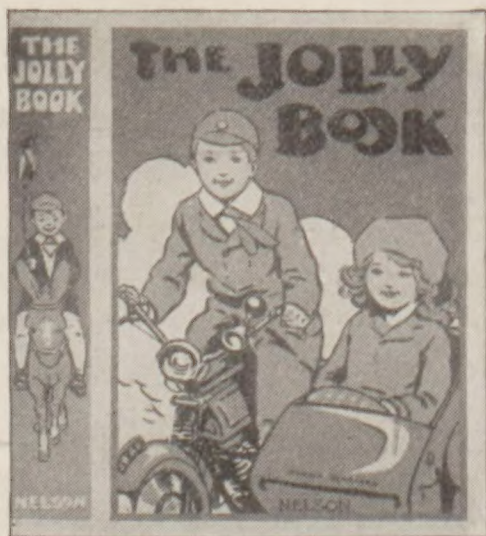
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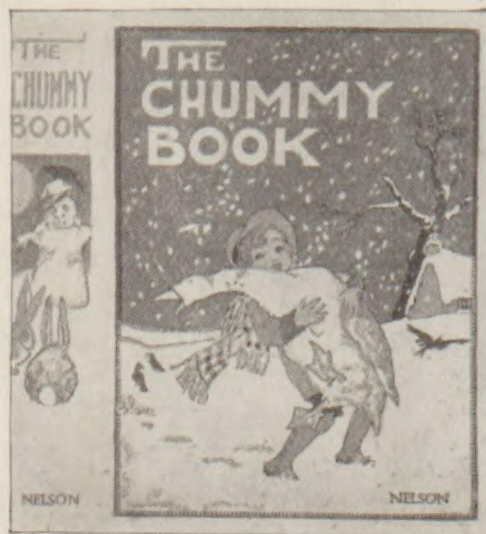
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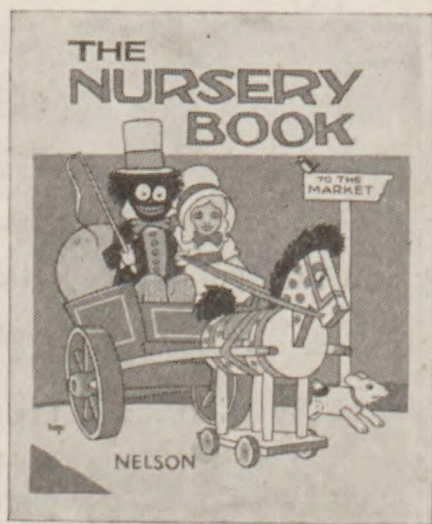
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